## Approved For Release 2002/06/05 : CIA-RDP78-03087A000100030010-0

21 August 1970

Dear Matt:

The special courier who delivers this packet to you is of dubious reliability, of course, and I trust him only because a guy who could acquire such a charming wife can't be <u>all</u> bad. I suggest, however, that you look for slavic thumbprints on the more sensitive pages of the manuscript; the courier may have made a covert stop on Sixteenth Street en route to the beach.

I send to you a draft of the first chapter and the first section of the second chapter of the paper I'm now working on, with the suggestion that you read and weep if you will, rant if you'd rather, and return the paper via the same courier with whatever caustic marginal concents occur to you. Seriously, I'm interested in errors of fact, unwarranted assumptions and implications, and unwise omissions. The facts are based almost entirely on documents — thus far interviews haven't been very useful. The assumptions and implications are drawn from the facts and colored with my own interpretation of them. The omissions may be the result of my own ineptness in exercising selectivity. You will note, incidentally, that I have carefully avoided making the paper an exercise in hagiography.

After I have seen your consents, I'll get in touch with you and make arrangements for us to get together on revisions. I do not apologize for asking you to take the time for all of this. I assume that any rational guy would be willing to invest some time in making sure that there is at least some degree of fairness in the written record of fifteen years of his life. The fact that the record will be available to a very small segment of posterity is irrelevant.

Thanks for your help. Hark up the draft as much as you wish. Po it in red ink if you can. I'm not a sentimental character, but scrawls in red ink always induce a sense of pleasant nostalgia.

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